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A
Most pleasant
Comedy of *Mucedorus*
the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*,
and *Amadine* the Kings
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merrie conceits of *Moufe*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it
was acted before the Kings
Maieftie at Whitehall, on
Shrouesunday night.

By his Highneffe Seruants, vsually
playing at the *Globe*.

Verie delectable and full of conceited mirth.



LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold
at his shop at the signe of the Bible
without *Newgate*. 1631.





The Prologue.

Most sacred Maiestie, whose great deserts,
Thy subiect England, nay, the world admires:
Which heauen grant still increase, O may your praise
Multipling with your houres, your fame still raise:
Embrace your Councell: Lone, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench, by the others side,
So may your life passe on, and runne so euen,
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:
where smiling Angels shall your guardians be,
From blemisht Traitors stain'd with periurie:
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames Europe shall borrow light:
Mirth drowne your bosome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

Exit.

A2

Ten



Ten persons may easily play it.

The King, and Romeo, } for one.

King Valentia, } for one.

Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia, } for one.

Anselmo, } for one.

*Amadine the Kings Daughter
of Aragon,* } for one.

Segasto a Noble man, } for one.

*Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Brema
a wilde man,* } for one.

*Comedy, a Boy, an old woman,
Ariena, Amadines maid,* } for one.

Collin a Counsellor, a Messenger, } for one.

Mouse the Clowne, } for one.



A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and
Amadine the Kings Daughter of
Aragon.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

VV Hy so, thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and please:
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee:

Ioy then good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh:
Sound forth *Bellona's* siluer tuned strings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his armes naked, besmeared with blood.

Envy. Nay stay minion stay, there lies a blocke:
Whar all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mix your musicke with a Tragicke end.

Comedy. What monstrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controle the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish Curre besmeared with gory blood,
That seem'ft to checke the blossome of Delight,
And still the sound of sweet *Bellona's* breath:
Blush monster blush, and post away with shame,
That seek'ft disturbance of a Goddesse name.

Envy. Post hence thy selfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wished port:
Ile thunder Musicke shall appale the Nymphs,
And make them shiuer their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish Caues.

Sound Drummes within, and cry stab, stab.
Hearken thou shalt heare noise,
Shall fill the Aire with shrilling sound:

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And thunder musicke to the Gods aboute :

Mars shall him selfe breathe downe

A peerlesse Crowne vpon braue *Ennys* head,

And raise his chiuall with a lasting fame :

In this braue Musicke *Enny* takes delight,

Where I may see them wallow in their blood,

To spurne at Armes and Legs quite shiuered off,

And heare the cries of many thousands slaine :

How lik'st thou this my Trull? tis sport alone for me.

Com. Vauit bloody Curre, nurst vp with Tygers sap,

That so dost quail a womans minde :

Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to please,

And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates :

Delighting in mirth, mixt all with souely tales;

And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe.

Thou bloody, enuious, disdainer of mens ioyes;

Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,

Delights in nothing but in spoile and death,

Where thou maist trample in their luke-warme blood,

And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes:

Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,

A silly woman begs it at thy hands.

Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play :

Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,

And mix not death amongst pleasing Comedies,

That treats nought else but pleasure and delight:

If any sparke of humane rests in thee,

Forbeare, be gone, tender the suit of me.

Enny. Why so I will? forbearance shall be such,

Astreble death shall crosse thee with despight,

And make thee mourne where most thou ioyest,

Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,

Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,

And drench thy methods in a sea of blood:

Thus will I doe: Thus shall I beare with thee,

And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,

I will with threats of blood begin the play,

Fauouring thee with Enny and with Hate.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Com. Then vgly monster doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despite of thee :
And though thou think'st with Tragick fumes
To proue my Play vnto my great disgrace,
I force it not, I scorue what thou canst doe :
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse,
From Tragick stufte to be a pleasant Comedie.

Enny. Why then *Comedy* send the Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And Ile defend them maugre all thy spight :
So vgly fiend farewell till time shall serue,
That we may meet to parlee for the best.

Enny. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monsters, spoiling of their ioyes. *Exit.*
Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. Anselmo ? *Anf. I.* My Lord and friend,
Whose deare affections bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
Whence nere disloyalty shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choice respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow :
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must enstrange that friend-
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee : *ship.*
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company :
Thou know'st that I imparted often haue
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell : whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay :
Excelling, not excel'd ; yet lest Report
Does mangle Verity, boasting of what is not,
Wing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Ansel. Will you forsake *Valentia* ? leaue the Court ?

Absent

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Absent you from the eye of Soueraignty,
Doe not sweet Prince, aduventure on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.

Muc. Desist dissuasion,
My resolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Assist what I intend.

Ansel. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty dew vpon that beard,
Whose front *Valenia* stoopesto.

Muc. If thou my welfaretender, then no more,
Let Loues strong Magicke charme thy triuiall phraze,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answer; locke thy lips,
Vnlesse thy wisdome sure me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ansel. That action craues no counsell,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than best vsurped shape.

Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition.
A more obscure seruile habiliment
Beseemes this enterprife.

Ansel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.

Muc. Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on a humbler stocke.

Ansel. Within my closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.

Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habit suites my minde, fetch me that weed.

Exit Anselmo.

Better than Kings haue not disdain'd that state,
And much inferior to obtaine their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepherds coat.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,
At once a brieffe farewell,
Delay to Louers is a second Hell.

Exit Mucedorus.

Ansel.

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Ansel. Prosperitie fore-runne thee: Aukward chance,
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture,
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thriue,
And glory thy mortality suruiue.

Enter Mouse with a bottle of hay.

Mouse. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so
scar'd out of his seuen senses? A Beare? Nay sure it cannot be
a beare, but some Deuill in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could
neuer haue had that agilitie to haue frightened me. Well, Ile see
my father hang'd before Ile serue his Horse any more: Well,
Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers
Horse turne Puritane, and obserue Fasting dayes, for hee gets
not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take
the other path, and because Ile be sure to haue an eye to her,
I will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make every
step backward.

*As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles over
her, and runs away, and leaues his bottle of hay behind him*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being
Pursued with a Beare.*

Seg. O sic Madam, sic, or else we are but dead.

Anna. Helpe Segasto, helpe, helpe sweet Segasto, or else I die.

Segasto runnes away.

Segast. Alas Madam there is no way but flight,
Then haste and saue your selfe.

Anna. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in distresse.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a sword drawne,
and a Beares head in his hand.*

Muce. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruell beast most mercilesse and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkeas now lies headlesse void of breath.

Anna. That foule deformed Monster is he dead?

Muce. Assure your selfe thereof, behold his head,

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Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maiefty.

Ama. Thankes worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times,
This gift assure thy selfe contents me more,
Than greatest bounty of a mighty Prince
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muce. Most gracious Goddesse, more than mortall wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no lesse:
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your princely minde.

Ama. No Goddesse (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest;
My Father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his only daughter am,
And after him sole heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marrie me vnto *Segasto*,
One whose wealth through Fathers former vsury,
Is knowne to be no lesse than wonderfull:
We both of custome oftentimes did vse,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:
And passing further than our wonted walkes,
Scarce entered within these lucklesse woods,
But right before vs downe a steep fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hye him fast
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the rest.
Good Shepherd but suppose the ghastly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muce. Yet worthy Princeesse let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.

Ama. Beleeue me Shepherd, so it doth no lesse.

Muce. Long may they last vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segasto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

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Ama. I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that sweet *Segasto* liue.

Muce. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princess to the spoile.

Ama. Well Shepherd for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.

Come let's away and guard me to the Court.

Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. When heaps of harmes doe houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of ensuing harmes to chuse the least:
But hard, yea haplesse is that wretches chance,
Lucklesse his lot, and caitiffe-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My selfe I mean, most subiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,
The more by prooffe I finde my selfe accurst.
Erewhiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Fairst *Amadine* in company all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long:
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight her fury doth escape,
What will she thinke?

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will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyalty.
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride, *Segast* to helpe,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath,
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I,
Shee will in time forgiue, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Inno* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running crying clubs.

Mon. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing but Beares.
Tell me sirra where she is.

Clow. O sir, she is runne downe the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. Thou talk'st of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But sirra, didst thou euer see any such?

Clow. No faith, I neuer saw any such:
But I rememder my fathers words,
He bad me take heed I was not caught with the white Beare.

Segast. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serue my
fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head:
Now doe you see sir; I fast hud winkt that I should see nothing,
I perceiving the Beare comming, I therw my hay into the
hedge, and ran away.

Segast. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two
load of thornes besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirrah: the Beare that thou didst see,
Did shee not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I neuer saw a Beare go a milking in all my
life. But harke you sir, I did not looke so hie as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segast.

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Segast. But tell me firra: where dost thou dwell?

Clow. Why doe you not know me?

Segast. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no body, and you know not me: I tell you fir I am goodman Rats sonne of the next parish ouer the hill.

Segast. Goodman Rats sonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin vnto him,

Segast. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I haue a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is, my name is *Mouſe*?

Segast. What plaine *Mouſe*?

Clow. I, plaine *Mouſe* without either welt or gard.

But doe you heare fir, I am a very young *Mouſe*, for my taile is scarce growne out yet: looke here else,

Segast. But I pray you who gaue you that name?

Clow. Faith Sir, I know not that, but if you would faime know, aske my fathers great Horse, for he hath beene halfe a yeare longer with my father than I haue beene.

Segast. This seemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.

A merry man a merry master makes.

How saist thou firrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay soft fir, two words to a bargain. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segast. No Occupation, I liue vpon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no Master for me. Why do you thinke that I am so mad to goe seeke my living in the lands among the stones, bryers, and bushes, and teare my holiday apparell? not I by your leaue.

Segast. Why I doe not meane thou shalt. *Clow.* How then?

Segast. Why thou shalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that?

Segast. Where the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segast. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you fir, pray you what kin is hee to goodman King of our parish the Church-warden?

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Segast. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the whole Land, I neuer saw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him every day.

Clow. Shall I go home againe to be torne in peeces with Bears?
No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane shirt, and then
goe drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou
shalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then heres my hand, Ile dwell with you:
And harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, Ile tell you
what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from picking and stea-
ling, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant you as
well as euer you had any man in your life.

Segast. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded
with doubts: If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I; yea happy I
if *Amadine* doe liue.

*Enter the King with a young prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio,
with Colm and Counsellors.*

King. Now braue Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in safety rest;
It vs behoues to vse such clemencie in peace,
As valour in the warres;

Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field.

Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,

We are dispos'd in Mariage for to giue
Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segasto* here,
Who shall succeed the *Djademe* after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore haue done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Aragon*,
What say you Lordlings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiestie, we doe not only allow of your
Highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may, to
further it.

King Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* liue,
He will at full requite your courtesies.

Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

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Take vnto thee the *Carelous* a Prince,
Lately our prisoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ransom shall be thine:
Wee'll thinke of it when leasure shall afford:
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Maiestie, his vsage shall be such,
As he thereat shall haue no cause to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march wee on to Court, and rest our wearied
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in secret fit for thee, *(limbs.*
When thou shalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our state:
Then *Collin* looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy seruice thou tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore.
So guard vs to the Court.

Coll. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne With weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirrah, how doe you like your weapons?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.

Seg. They keepe the dogs from your shins well, do they not?

Clow. How keepe the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but
my shins should keepe the dogs from them.

Segast. Well Sirrah leauing idlesalke, tell me
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a doore,

Segast. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber:
But dost thou know the man?

Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clow.* Thats more than I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was here
with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?

Clow. O very well.

Segast. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clow. I will Master, what's his name?

Segast.

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Segast. Why Captaine Tremelio.

Clow. O, the mal: - man: I know him very well,
He brings meale euery Saturday, But harke you Master,
Must I bid him come to you, Or must you come to him?

Segast. No sirra, he must come to me.

Clow. Hearke you Master, if he be nor at home,
What shall I do then?

Segast. Why then leaue word with some of his folkes.

Clow. O Master if there be no body within,
I will leaue word with his dogge.

Segast. Why can his Dog speake?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherfore doth he keep his chamber else?

Segast. To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then goe your selfe,

Segast. You will goe sir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. Otis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segast. What, will you plucked downe the kings house?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it first.
Master, it is such a hard name I haue forgotten it againe;
I pray you tell me his name.

Segast. I tell thee, Captaine Tremelio.

Clow. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Exter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirra, dost thou call me?

Clow. You must come to my Master, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segasto* did you send for me?

Segast. I did Tremelio. Sirra about your businesse.

Clow. I marry, whats that, can you tell?

Segast. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, straight to the Kitchin-dresser to *Iohn*
the Cooke, and get mee a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and
then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a Iacke of
Beere: and there for an houre Ile so belabour my selfe, and there-
fore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray
you good Master.

Exit.

Segast. Well Sir away.

Tremelio. This it is, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*,
Spread

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Spread thorow all the kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any time: but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segasto*s honour laid aside:

My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to
worke the Shepherds death; I know thy strength sufficient to
performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise than to reuenge
my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth: stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vild Coward, so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepherd hold, spare him, kill him not:
Accur'd villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, Trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death.
And since that thou liuing didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Bloud-thirstie villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muce. *Segasto* cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing
But in mine owne defence.

Segast. Nay Shepherd, reason not with mee,
I'le manifest thy fact vnto the King:
Whose doome will be thy dearch, as thou deseru'st.
What hoe: *Moufe* come away.

C

Enter

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Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.
Segast. Come helpe away with my friend.
Clow. Why is he drunke? can he not stand on his feet?
Segast. No he is not drunke, he is flaine.
Clow. Flaine? No by Lady he is not flaine.
Segast. He's kil'd, I tell thee. (no longer.)
Clow. What doe you vse to kill your friends? I will serue you
Segast. I tell thee the Shepheard kil'd him.
Clow. O did he so? But Master, I will haue all his apparell
if I carry him away. *Segast.* Why so thou shalt.
Clow. Come then I will helpe: Masse Master, I thinke his mother
lung loobie to him, he is so heauy. *Exeunt.*
Muce. Behold the fickle state of man, alwaies mutable, neuer
at one.

Sometime we feed our fancies with the sweet of our desires:
Sometimes againe, we feeble the heat of extreme miseries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey,
Tomorrow those fauours will turne to frownes.
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No passenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that seldome doth befall,
What not one? Then lie thou there,
And rest thy selfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo* sith thy leasure so affords,
An endlesse thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* strength,
Who like a King commands within these woods?
The Beare, the Boare, dare not abide his sight,
But haste away to saue themselues by flight.
The Chrystall waters in the bubling Brookes,
When I come by doe swiftly slide away,
And claps themselues in closets vnder bankes,
Afraid to looke bold *Bermo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things else are still at my command.

Else

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Else what would I ?

Rend them in peeces, and pluck them from the earth,

And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.

Why who comes here, with whom I dare not fight ?

Who fights with me and doth not die the death ? not one.

What fauour shewes this sturdy stick to those

That here within these woods are combatants with me ?

Why death and nothing else but present death:

With restless rage I wander thorow these woods,

No creature here, but feareth *Bremos* force :

Man, woman, child, beast and bird,

And euery thing that doth approach my sight,

Are forst to fall, if *Bremo* once do frowne.

Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoiles,

For here I see this day it will not be,

But when it falls that I encounter any,

One pat sufficeth for to worke my will.

What comes not one ? then lets be gone,

A time will serue when we shall better speed.

Exit.

Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepherd, & the Clowne with others.

King. Shepherd, thou hast heard thine accusers,

Murther is laid to thy charge :

What canst thou say ? thou hast deserued death.

Muse. Dread Soueraigne I must needs confesse,

I slew this Captaine in mine owne defence,

Not of any malice, but by chance :

But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Segast. Words will not here preuaile,

I seeke for iustice, and iustice craues his death.

King. Shepherd thine owne confession hath condemned thee:

Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution straight.

Clow. So he shall, I warrant him :

But do you heare matter *King*? he is kin to a Monkie,

His necke is bigger than his head.

Segast. Come sirra away with him,

And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forsooth I warrant you, come you sirra :

A, so like a sleepe-biter a lookes.

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Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and wellbeloued Sire,
Onbended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preserued the life of my sometime distressed daughter?
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein was thou distrest: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best be seem'd the daughter of a King.
I neuer saw the Shepherd vntill now,
How comes it then that he preseru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further than our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hye him fast
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his pray,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flye,
Left me distrest to be deuour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes:
Till at the length this Sheheprd came,
And brought to me his head.

(Maiesty.
King. Come hither boy, loe here it is, which I doe present vnto you)

Seg. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame.

Segast.

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Segast. The slaughter of a man deserues great blame.

King. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.

Segast. *Tremelio* in the warres (O King) preserued thee,

Ama. The Shepherd in the woods (O King) preserued me.

Segast. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.

Ama. So would the Shepheard had he beene in field.

Clow. So would my Master, had he not run away.

Segast. *Tremelios* force sau'd thousands from the foe.

Ama. The shepherds force hath many thousands mee.

Clow. Aye Shipsticks nothing else.

King. *Segasto* cease to accuse the Shepherd,

His worthinesse deserues a recompence;

All we are bound to doe the Shepherd good.

Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst dye,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Segast. Thanks to your Maiesty.

King. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence:

Long mayst thou liue and when the Sisters shall decree

To cut in twaine the twitted threed of life,

Then let him die, for this I set him free,

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Ama. Thanks to your Maiesty.

King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*

Clow. O Master heare you, you haue made a fresh hand now,

I thought you would bestrow you: what will you doe now?

You haue lost me a good occupation by this meanes:

Faith Master now I cannot hang the Shepherd,

I pray you let me take paines to hang you,

It is but halfe an houres exercise.

Segast. You are still in your knauery:

But sith I cannot haue his life,

I will procure his banishment for euer. Come on sirra.

Clow. Yes forsooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and siluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of gold and treasures:

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More may I boast and say: but I
Was neuer Shepherd in such dignity.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mes. All haile worthy Shepherd.

Clow. All raine lousie Shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court.
Shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take law-legs, fly away Shepherd.

Muce. Whose words are these, came these from *Amadine*?

Mes. I from *Amadine*.

Clow. Aye from *Amadine*.

Muce. Ah lucklesse Fortune, worse than *Phaeton* stale,
My former blisse is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poison thy selfe?

Muce. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clow. The worst Ale-house that euer I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What shall I doe?

Clow. Euen go hang thy selfe.

Muce. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command
To banish the Shepherd from her Fathers Court?

Mes. What should Shepherds do in the Court?

Clow. What should Shepherds do among vs?
Hauent we Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Muce. Why Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepherds are men and masters over their flocks.

Clow. Thats a lie, who paies them their wages then?

Mes. Well, you are alwaies interrupting of me:
But you were best to looke to him, lest you hang for him
when he is gone.

Exit.

The Clowne sings.

Clow. And you shall hang for company,
For leauing me alone.

Shepherd stand forth and heare my sentence.

Shepherd be gone within three dayes in pain of my displeasure,
Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be-
gone. Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muce. And must I goe? and must I needs depart?

Yee

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Yee goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne, the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue me comfortlesse:
Yee wholesome herbes and sweet smelling sauours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change, your wonted course,
That I wanting your aid, in wofull fort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. *Ariena*, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Ama. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou dost.

Muce. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepheard although thy banishment already be decreed,
and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in absence either farre or neere,
You honour me as seruant to your name.

Ama. Not so. *Muce.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Muce. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muce. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepheard it is only *Segasto* that procures thy ba-

Muce. Vnworthy wights are more in ialousie. (banishment)

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Muce. Amen I say to haue your company.

Ama. Well Shepheard, sith thou sufferest thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition Shepheard thou canst loue.

Muce. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

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Am. Of late I loued one indeed, but now I loue none but only

Mu. Thanks worthy Princess: I burne likewise, (thee,
Yet smother vp the blast,

I dare not promise what I may performe.

Ama. Well Shepherd, hearken what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessaries
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.

Muce. Downe in the valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That ouershades a Well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.

Muce. Now if you please, you may appoint the time.

Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.

Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*

Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepherd such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclipse thy credit, famous thorow the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepherd hath *Segastos* honour won.

Enter Mause the Clowne calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?

Segast. Will you come hither I pray you, what is the matter?

Clow. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?

Segast. how then sir?

Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.

Segast. I pray you come hither.

Clow. Here's such a doe with you, will you neuer come?

Segast. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you a-

Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the Table already. (hout)
There

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There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very scent of the meat
hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What Arrand, an arrant knaue, or an arrant where?

Seg. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the Shep-

Clo. O the Shepherds Bastard. (herd?

Seg. I tell thee the Shepherds banishment.

Clo. I tell you the Shepherds Bastard shall be well kept,
He looke to it my selfe: but I pray you come away to dinner

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue banished
him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment if you would giue me a
thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whorson slaue, haue you forgotten that I sent
you and another to driue away the Shepherd?

Clo. What an Ass are you? here's a stirre indeed:
Here's Messaige, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him
away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not belecue me, aske
my staffe.

Seg. Why can thy staffe tell?

Clo. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I that haue obtai'nd my will.

Clo. And happier I if you would go to dianer.

Seg. Come sirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not lose an inch of you now you
are going to dianer: I promise you I thought seuen yeares be-
fore I could get him away.

Enter Amadino sola.

Am. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* surely stayes for me,

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And thinks me ouer-long, at length I come,
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned loue!
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I must match:
Seffa loues, but *Amadine* must like;
Whoe likes her best: compulsion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what, methinks the Shepherd is not come;
I muse at that, the houre is at hand:
Well here Ile rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits downe.*

Enter Brema looking about hastily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Brema* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Brema*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood:
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?
Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

Ama. What must I die?

Bre. What needs these words? I thirst to sucke thy blood!

Ama. Yet pittie me and let me liue a while.

Bre. No pittie I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,
And teare thy body peece meale ioynt by ioynt.

Am. Ah now I want my Shepherds company.

Bre. Ile crush thy bones betwene two Oaken-trees.

Am. Hastie Shepherd, haste, or else thou com'st too late.

Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnesse from thy marrow-bones.

Am. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.

Bre. With this my Bat I will beare out thy braines:
Downe, downe I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground.

Am. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome present death. *She kneeles,*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying ghost.

Bre. Now *Brema* play thy part, what sudden chance is this?
How now? what sudden chance is this?
My limbes doe tremble, and my sinewes shake;

My

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My vnweakned armes haue lost their former force :

Ali *Bremo, Bremo*, what a foile hadst thou,

That yet at no time wast afraid

To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee, *He strikes.*

And now wants strength for one downe driuing blow ?

Ah how my courage failes when I should strike;

Some new-come spirit abiding in my brest,

Saith spare her *Bremo*, spare her, do not kill;

Shall I spare her that neuer spared any ?

To it *Bremo*, to it; say againe:

I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,

Me thinks I should not strike so faire a one:

I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,

Or else within me alfred natures course.

Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me ?

Am. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Br. Thou shalt not choofe, it shall be as I say,

And therefore follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. It was my will an houre agoe and more,

As was my promise for to make returne;

But other businesse hindred my pretence.

It is a world to see; when man appoints,

And purposely one certaine thing decrees,

How many things may hinder his intent :

What one would wish, the same is farthest off,

But yet th'appointed time cannot be past,

Nor hath her presence yet preuented me :

Well here Ile stay and expect her coming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is persude no doubt,

Perhaps some search for me, tis good to doubt the worst :

Therefore Ile be gone.

Exit.

*Cry within hold him, hold him: enter Mousie the Clowne
with a Pot.*

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's a stir indeed : here
came hue after the Crier; & I was set close at mother *Nips* house,

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and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers; Now sirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: Well Ile see, masse I cannot see him yet: well Ile looke a little further; masse he is a little slaue if he be here; why heres no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty Fire-brand, and worse than all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft here she comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knaue, wheres my pot you knaue?

Clo. Go looke your pot, come not to me for your pot, twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knaue, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot? I know what Ile say.

Old. What wilt thou say

Clo. But say I haue it and thou darst.

Old. Why thou knaue thou hast not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clo. You lie like an old: I will not say where.

Old. Dost thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou darst:

Search me whether I haue it or no.

She searcheth him, & he drinketh ouer her head, & casteth downe the pot. She stumblcth at it: & then they fall together by the eares: she takes vp her pot and runnes out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. O flies Master flies.

Seg. Flies where are they?

Clo. O here Master, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou liest, I thinke thou art mad.

Clo. Why Master I haue kild a dungcart full at the least.

Seg. Go to sirra, leaue this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares.

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Not an you wereten masters.

Seg. Why sir, I pray you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a Curtall for no mans plea.

Seg. I tell thee attend what I say, (sure.

Go thy waies straight and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole towne? euen goeure yo selfe, it is more than I can doe: Why do you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a Pot of Ale to my head, I should reare a towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable and make a priuie search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepherd run away with the kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is she to run away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handsomer man than the Shepherd my selfe: but tell me Master, must I make a priuy search, or search in the priuy?

Ser. Why doest thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search euery where, Leauē no place vnsearcht for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Firebrands house, and will not leauē one place vnsearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell; and if I finde him not there Ile to the Cupbord, Ile not leauē one corner of her house vnsearcht, ifaith ye old Crust, I will be with you now.

Exit.

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Roderigo,

Lord Barachim with others.

King Va. Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment,
Delights to vexed spirits, are as dates
Set to a sicke man; which rather cloy than comfort:
Let me intreat you to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, haue done there.

King Va. Mirth to a souledisturb'd, are Embers turn'd,

*Musicke
ceaseth.*

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Which suddaine gleame with molestation,
But sooner lose their sight for't.
Tis gold bestowed vpon a Rioter,
Which not releues, but murders him.
Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.

How can a Father that hath lost his Sonne,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I shall see againe,
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.

Ans. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

King Va. I prethee speake that thrice.

Ans. The Prince your Sonne is safe.

King Va. O where *Anselmo*? surfet me with that.

Ans. In *Aragon* my Liege, and at his parting,
Bound my secrecy
By his affectionous loue not to disclose it;
But care of him, and pittie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my brest vow'd, concalement.

King Va. Thou not deceiu'st me,
I euer thought thee what I finde thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what desire, or young-fed humor
Nurft within his braine,
Drew him so priuately to *Aragon*?

Ans. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull ieaousie,
Whether report gilded a worthlesse Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deseru'd her high extolment.

King Va. See our prouision be in readinesse,
Collect vs followers of the comeliest hue,
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chrystall eye of Heauen shall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud six times his shoulders turne,
Till we salute the *Aragonian* King.
Musicke speake loudly now, the seasons apt,
For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt.

Exeunt.

Enter

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Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father to thy native soile,
Or trye some long abode within these woods?
Well I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home said I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* rests my felicity.
Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groves:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there and seat thy selfe thereon:
And when thou feel'st thy selfe to be athirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habite thou art fit for me: *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepherd now, an Hermite must I be:
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some gravity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heres thorow the woods and thorow the woods,
To looke out a Shepherd, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft who haue we here? what art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a solitary life within these woods.

Clo. O I know thee now; thou art hee that eats vp all the
Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon
for thee all this yeare.

Mu. Thou dost mistakeme: •

But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. What do I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepherd.

Mu. A stray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clo.

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Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Master & *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer these woods than they were vsed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare. Now my Master plaid the man, and ran away, & *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepherd, and he strikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and Ile kill them all: now euer since *Amadine* hath bene in loue with the Shepherd, and for good will she's euen run away with the Shepherd.

Mu. What maner of man was he? canst describe him vnto me?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth.

Muc. Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I finde you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Master *Monse*.

Muc. O Master *Monse*, I pray you what office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marry sir, I am Rusher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Vsher of the Table.

Clo. Nay I say Rusher, and Ile proue mine Office good: for looke you sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea or so, and a dogge chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher: a high Office I promise ye.

Muc. But where shall I finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is best being, either in the Kitchen eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beeffe and Brewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember Master *Monse*. *Exit*

Muc. Aye sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Amadine*, what should become of her?

Whither shouldst thou goe so long vnknowne?

With watch and ward each passage is beset,

So that she cannot long escape vnknowne.

Doubtlesse, she hath lost her selfe within these woods,

And wandering to and fro she seekes the Well,

Which

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Which yet she cannot finde, therefore will I seeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. Amadine, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* cruelty:

Though I were dumbe and could not answer him,
The Beasts themselves would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy sauage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmure to thy selfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the shepheard is my Loue.

Brem. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Given thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?

Come kisse me (sweet) for all my fauours past.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Brem. See how shee flies away from me,
I will follow and giue attend to her.
Denie my loue? A worne of Beauty,
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the blocke.

Ama. O spare me *Bremo*, loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with bloud,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare:
And like a Wolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Brem. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a chaplet made of Iuory,
And make the Rose and Lilly wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Ties shall spread themselves where thou dost goe.
And as they spread, Ile trace a long with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quailes and Partriches,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thrushes, and Nightingales,
Thy drinke shall be goats-milke, and Cryshall water
Distilling from the Fountaines and the clearest Springs:

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleasures that I can deuise:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in mine armes.

Ama. One may, so may not you.

Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nymphs shall attend on thee,
And lull thee asleepe with musicks sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Queene:
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine*.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouse the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me,

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bremio. Welcome sir, an houre ago I lookt for such a guest:
Be merry wench, weele haue a frolick feast,
Heres flesh enough for to suffice vs both,
Say sirra, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meane to die?

Muce. I want a weapon, how can I fight?

Bre. Thou want'st a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die.

Muce. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. Yet spare him *Bremio*, spare him.

Bre. Away I say, I will not spare him.

Muce. Yet giue me leaue to speake.

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.

Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer-long.

Muce. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their liues in lothsome Celles and woods,

And

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

And wholly giue themselves to witlesse will:
A rude vnruely rout, then man to man became
A present prey, then might preuailed,
The weakest went to wals:
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudenesse vnto reason brought,
Who led by reason, soone forooke the woods,
In stead of Caves, they built them Castles strong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Waying their former wickednesse,
They tearm'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremos* (for so heard I thee call'd)
If men which liued tofore, as thou dost now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to spoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to returne
From murther, bloud-shed, and like cruelties.
What, should we fight before we haue a cause?
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bremo. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or else thou diest.

Ama. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bremo. Away I say, thou troublest me.

Ama. You promised me to make me Queene.

Bremo. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. You promised that I should haue my will.

Bremo. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. Then saue the *Hermite*s life, for he may saue vs both.

Bremo. At thy request Ile saue him, but neuer any after him.

Say *Hermite*, what canst thou doe?

Muce. Ile waite on thee, sometime vpon thy Queene,
Such seruice shalt thou shortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segast. Come sirs, what, shall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepherd?

Clow. I haue beene thorow the woods and thorow the woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I see a thousand Emmets, thou meanest a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I saw was bigger than thou art.

Rum. Bigger than I, what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Master turne him away.

Segast. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he said he did lead a saltfellers life round about the woods.

Segast. Thou wouldst say, a solitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art,

Clow. Thou art a wise man: why he did nothing but sleepe since he went.

Segast. But tell me *Mouset*, how did he goe?

Clow. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head, And a staffe in his hand.

Segast. I thought so, he was a Hermite, that walked a solitarie life in the woods.

Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue seeking till you bring some newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to sleepe.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I shall neuer finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt goe in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midst.

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muce. Vnknowne to any, here within these woods
With bloody *Bremio* doe I lead my life;
The Monster he doth murder all he meets,

He

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

He spareth none, and none doth him escape :
Who would continue, who but only I,
In such a cruell cut-throats company ?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse ?
Ah silly soule, how oftentimes she sits,
And sighes, and cails, Come Shepherd come :
Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by;
But here she comes : What newes faire Ladie
As you walke these woods ?

Enter Amadino.

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And such as thou knowest.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods ?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours ? me thinks he loues you well.

Ama. I like not him, his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you best.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his loue,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

Muce. Pardon my boldnesse, faire Lady, sith we both
May safely talke now out of *Bremoes* sight :
Vnfold to me, if you please, the full discourse,
How, when, and why you came into these woods,
And fell into this bloudy Butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did loue.

Muce. A Shepherd (Lady) sure a man vnfit to match with

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had (you.

Muce. Stay there, the wild man comes,
Referre the rest vntill another time.

Enter Bremo

Bro. What secret tale is this ? what whispering haue we here ?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I must, loe here it is againe.
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,
It greu'd vs both, but specially thy Queene;
Who in thy absence euer feares the worst,
Lest some mishance befall your Royall Grace.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Shall my sweet *Bremo* wander thorow theſe wood,
Toyle to and fro, for to redreſſe my want
Hazard his life, and all to cheriſh me?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was, I had ſmall ſkill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bremo. Waſt ſo, none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene begin:
Here take this weapon ſee how thou canſt uſe it.

Ama. This iſt too big, I cannot weild it in mine arme.

Bremo. Is't ſo? we'le haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But firſt, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bremo. Then take my ſtaffe and ſee how thou canſt weild it.

Muc. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bremo. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou maieſt the ſooner learne.

Muc. Next tell how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike,

Bremo. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue,
Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muc. Then now or neuer it iſt time to ſtrike.

Bremo. And when thou ſtrikeſt be ſure to hit the head.

Muc. The head?

Bremo. The very head.

Muc. Then haue at thine.

He ſtrikes him downe dead.

So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerueſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muc. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
you ſaid you loued a Shepherd.

Ama. I ſo I doe, and none but only him:
And will doe ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muc. Buttell mee Lady fiſh I ſet you free,

Wha.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

What course of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander thorow the world,
Till I haue found him out.

Muce. How If you finde your Shepherd in these woods?

Ama. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He descloseth himselfe.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, do you know your Shepherd well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*: hath he set me free?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liu'd so long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Muce. Ay thats a question whereof you may not be resolued:
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right thorow the thickets to the wilde mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muce. Come, let's be gone.

*The Clowne searcheth, and falls ouer the wilde man,
and so carries him away.*

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? abots on you:
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaiue stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir we would haue.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty Ile call a cooling card
for you: O Master, Master, come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segasto. Whats the matter?

Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O braue.

Segast. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clow. Nay thats a lye, I found her out my selfe.

Segast. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh ?

Ama. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand :
Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.

Segast. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.

Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.

Segast. It rests in thee for to performe the same.

Ama. Not I.

Segast. And why ?

Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen no.

Clow. Master with anone, none so.

Segast. Ah wicked villaine, art thou here ?

Muce. What need these words ? weigh them not.

Segast. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I scorne thy

Clow. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie. (companie.

Muce. I scorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Clow. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.

Segast. This stoutnesse *Amadine* contents me not.

Ama. Then seeke another that may you better please.

Muce. Well *Amadine* it onely rests in thee,,

Without delay to make thy choyce of three :

There stands *Segasto*, a second here :

There stands the third : now make thy choice.

Clow. A Lord at the least I am.

Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.

Segast. A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.

Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me ?

I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did ;

I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy state :

Morcouer, if thou meane to be my wife,

Commonly, this must be thy vse,

To bed at midnight, vp at foure,

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our dayly victuall for to win ;

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No Princesse then but a plaine Shepherds wife.

Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepherd.

Ama. It shall not need if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

Clow. O Master laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragoman* I,
But borne of Royall bloud: my father's of *Valenia* King,
My Mother Queene; who for thy sacred sake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is so good.

Segast. Well now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To see thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a kingdome had befallne me this time:
I with my heart surrender her to thee,

He giues her vnto him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clow. What barnes doore, and borne where my Father was
Constable? a bots on thee, how dost thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segasto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clow. Master beare this and beare all,

Segast. Why so sirra?

Clow. He liues you take a goose by the Crowne.

Segast. Go to sirra; away, post you to the King,

Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubts,

Glad him vp, and tell him these good newes,

And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clow. I goe Master, I runne Master.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,

My *Amadine* the comfort of my life;

How can I ioy except she were in sight?

Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soule,

And with a thunder breaks my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare those passions gentle King,

And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,

And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe assure mee that,

And nought but death, except of her I heare,

And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long:

But what a tumult doe I here within?

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

They cry within, Ioy and happinesse.

Colin. I heare a noise of ouer. passing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haste.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why how now sirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why sirra, thou shalt haue siluer and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadino.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight.

Clow. How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright.
Master get you away, If I be a Spright, I shall be so leane
I shall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why I shall want Parrell

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then stand away, strike vp thy selfe, here they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall daughter.

King. What doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadins?*
Rise vp daughter, and let these embracing armes
Shew some token of thy Fathers ioy,
Which euer since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

Ama. Deare Father neuer were your sorrowes
Greater than my griefes:
Neuer you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:
Yet neuertheless knowing my selfe
To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humbly craue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As sure as I am King and weare the Crowne
Ile be reueng'd on that accursed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, shew

King. I, such fauour as thou deseruest. (faueur.)

Muc. I doe deserue the daughter of a King.

King. O impudent! a Shepherd and so insolent.

Muc.

The Comedie of Mucedorus.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince,

King. In faire conceit, not princely borne.

Muc. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queené, and of *Valenia* both,

King. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?

Muc. No cause to feare, I caused no offence;
But this, desiring thy daughters vertues for to see,
Disguis'd my selfe from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any in secret I did rest,

And passed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then shall I thinke my trauels all well spent.

King. With all my heart; but this
Segasto claimes my promise made tofore,
That he should haue her as his only Wife,
Before my Counsell when he came from warre.
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* is wife to *Mucedorus*?

Segast. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furnish vp their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

King. Thanks good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.

Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilst I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.

Ama. Good *Segasto* these great courtesies
Shall not be forgot.

Clew. Why hearke you Master, bones what haue you done?
What giuen away the wench you made me take such paines
for? You are wife indeed. Masse and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my selfe: faith Master now we may goeto
breakfast with a wood-cock-pie.

Segast. Go to sirra, you were best to leaue this knauery.

King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest day,

The Comedy of Macedonius.

That euer hap't to a distressed King :
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A shout within : Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriv'd intreats your presence.

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes give him entertainment;
A happier planet neuer reign'd than that
Which governes at this houre.

Sound.

*Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with
others: The King runnes and embraceth his Sonne.*

King Val. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest :
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behaviour so compell'd by nature,
That manners stood vnknownedged.

King Ara. What we haue to recite would tedious prove
By declaration, therefore in and feast :
To morrow the performance shall explaine
What words conceale : till then Drummes speake, Bells ring,
Giue plausiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Enny.

Com. How now *Enny*; what, blushest thou already ?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with courage praise a womans deeds.
Thy threats were vaine, thou could'st doe me no hurt,
Although thou seem'dst to crosse me with despight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpside downe thy blockes,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Enny. Though stumbled yet not onerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my head to mildnesse :
Yet must I needse confess thou hast done well,
And Plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee :
Say all this; yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the conquest neither,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.

Com. Enny Spit thy gall;

Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whose bloud and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Cast natie monsters in the moulds of men,
Case vicious deuils vnder sancted robes;
Vnhaspe the wicket where all periuries roost,
And swarme this ball with treasons, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not (hell-hound) crosse my steare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wish delight.

Enny. I can, I will.

Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let vs tuggle till one the mastery win.

Enny. Comedy, thou art a shallow Goose,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Cornicke merriment.

Com. Thy policy wants grauity, thou art too weake:
Speake friend, as how?

Enny. Why thus,
From my foule study will I hoist a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whose iawes swell to his eyes with chewing malice,
And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. What's that to th' purpose?

Enny. This scrambling Rauens with his needy beard,
Will whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,
Pleasing to factious braines;
And eury other where place me a lest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment than blowes:
Then I my selfe (quicker than lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſant Magistrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midst of iollity rehearse those gaules
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

The Comedy of Mucedorus.

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly:
This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor such,
Especially deceitfull in their doings,
Whose staid discretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see, the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,
As *Danids* off-spring in his happy Clime.
Stoope *Enny* stoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Enny. My power has lost her might, *Ennies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cesar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Ennies* stricken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And weele endeavour with excessse of paine,
To please your senses in a choicer straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whose spangled carkasse would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: be blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.

Enny. Amen.

To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,
Liue still more happy, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.



